Strangelove

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Strangelove

by tanathil

Summary

“You don’t have a heartbeat,” Will says. He worries his lower lip between his teeth, corrects himself. “You don’t have a heart.”

“No. I don’t.” Hannibal’s hand caresses along Will’s back, tracing the knobs of his spine. “Does it bother you?”

Human!Will and Angel/Demon!Hannibal having a soft post-coital moment. Will learns some new things about Hannibal, things that get him to thinking, to *wanting*...

One doesn't really need all of their heart, do they?

Notes

Sooooo, I very much wanted to get this posted on Halloween. It's already past midnight in here, but it's still Monday in some parts of the world, so I'm choosing to count this as "mission accomplished" xD

The title comes from a Depeche Mode song of the same name, and I encourage you to listen to it, it's really fckng good and one of my personal favourites from them 🙏

With all of that out of the way: Please, enjoy! :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's head rests against Hannibal's chest. The grey hairs beneath his cheek feel coarse and rough against his skin, but Will doesn't mind it; he's too busy concentrating on listening to the silence, his focus centred on the deceptive stillness resting beneath layers of flesh and bone.

Will shifts. The hairs scratch his skin, painting his cheek with a blush.

"You don't have a heartbeat," Will says. He worries his lower lip between his teeth, scratches idly with his nails at a bare nipple. Corrects himself. "You don't have a heart."

"No. I don't." Hannibal's hand caresses along Will's back, tracing the knobs of his spine. "Does it bother you?"

Will shakes his head, dark curls whispering against Hannibal's collarbone with the motion. He wonders if Hannibal's ticklish. Wonders if it's even possible for him to experience such a sensation.

"Do you wish you had one?" It's a silly question, Will knows. A childish one, like a heart was anything other than one more organ amongst all the rest of them forming a collection of parts designed to keep a human body ticking.

Hannibal's body is not *human* - this, Will also knows.

He asks his silly question anyway.

Hannibal hums, considering. When he speaks, the low bass of his voice travels in the serene quiet around them like something physical, like a tangible thing that Will could reach out for and greet with the tips of his fingers.

Will closes his eyes and listens.

"Hearts grow weak and weary," Hannibal says. "They grow worn. They measure the moments between the first inhale and the last breath, counting down the seconds, biding their time to close the shop. I have existed for eons, Will. What use would one who was never born and who will never die have with one?"

"You cannot die?" Will tilts his face up to Hannibal's, genuine curiosity in his eyes.

Hannibal falls into a thoughtful silence. The hand caressing Will's back stops at his nape. Gentle fingers idly begin playing with the wisps of baby soft hairs there, a casual touch for the sake of touching.

Will rolls his shoulders, exhales, and bends his neck for better access.

"Not in any sense that humans understand the concept of death, no," is what Hannibal eventually says, and then nothing else. And maybe that is all there is to be said about that.

Will nods to himself, accepting this new piece of information. He wonders how a deathless death must feel like, if there's anything after that. Where do beings nearly as old as time go once they cease to exist?

Will taps his fingers lightly against Hannibal's breastbone, thinking. The idea, when it comes to him, seems like the most obvious thing once it's entered his mind.

"I could give you a part of mine. Something for you to have to measure the moments."

Hannibal quirks up an amused eyebrow. "And what moments would those be?"

"These." Will leans up on an elbow. His hand cups Hannibal's cheek and he presses his lips to his, the mouth beneath his opening readily in welcome.

Will kisses Hannibal so tenderly it comes to feel like something else, this simple act of easily given affection morphing into something beyond the physical realm of sensation. Will kisses Hannibal and he thinks *holy* and he thinks *sacred*, and he tastes those words on his tongue.

Holy. ***Sacred***. Concepts that hold little merit to the both of them, but Will's finding it hard to come up with anything more appropriate to describe how it feels when devotion like this is given room to blossom between them within each point of contact.

Even the Devil was once an angel, Will thinks, the words coming unbidden to his mind as he exhales air into lungs that aren't there. He kisses Hannibal and visions him behind his closed eyelids, bright and magnificent, standing hand in hand next to his beautiful, rebellious brother, his sister, next to *Samael*, the two of them united in their love for each other, in their proudness and spite.

Will doesn't know how much of the stories written down in holy scriptures are true, but no matter how false, he still can't help but feel grateful for the mutinous one; without him, Hannibal wouldn't be here with him now; without her, they wouldn't have this.

Will distances himself from Hannibal's lips and presses their foreheads together as he voices that gratitude out loud, suddenly too overcome with emotion to keep the feeling contained within.

"*Ave Sathanas*."

The words are a little more than a murmur but Hannibal still catches them and chuckles fondly. He rubs his forehead against Will's, the sides of their noses touching.

"*Ave Sathanas*," Hannibal echoes back, most likely just to humour Will but that's okay - it is all a bit silly, anyway.

Will straightens up, lean thighs tensing and shifting. He sits astride Hannibal, the white sheet they had half pulled on top of them sliding down his back, leaving Will's nakedness bared to the room.

Hannibal's eyes meet Will's, brown and warm. His gaze moves down, along the expanse of pink flushed skin marked with the evidence of Hannibal's worship. His eyes flicker red when

he takes in the state of Will's nipples, swollen and bruised from eager hands, from a mouth that had bitten and suckled on them until Will had trembled and sobbed from the pure agony of it and arched his chest up in a soundless plea for ***more***.

Hannibal had given him more. He always gives Will everything, and it makes Will feel spoiled down to his core. It makes him feel *greedy*, this uncensored hedonism he's come to embrace something that Hannibal actively encourages and seems to delight in. Will can't find it in himself to be bashful over such selfish things when they are so blatantly appreciated.

The lack of self-consciousness Will experiences now under Hannibal's intense scrutiny feels liberating; where anyone else would be *staring*, Hannibal devours and adores, his attention on Will making Will feel shameless and bold. Hannibal worships, and in his presence Will finds himself beautiful and desired in a way that tastes like reverence, that tastes like something illicit and dark and sickly sweet on the root of his tongue.

Will hums and flicks the tip of his tongue against the backs of his teeth, pulling himself up straighter, lifting his chin up higher. Around Hannibal's sides, his thighs clench and then relax. Shins slide along white sheets, just a little bit farther apart, just enough to be clearly on purpose.

Hannibal's gaze moves slowly down his abdomen, following the join-the-dots path of swollen nipples, of purple kiss bruises and stubble burns. A pleased rumble rises from his chest when his eyes land on Will's cock, small and spent and soft where it nestles among a thatch of dark pubic hair matted with drying cum. Hannibal lifts a hand and reaches between Will's thighs, fingers almost making contact before Will stops him.

"No," Will says and slaps his reaching hand away, a swift impact of skin-on-skin that startles Hannibal.

Hannibal lifts his eyes to Will's and he *growls*, a low animal sound of displeasure at being denied. Will's lip curls up in answer in a snarl that reveals his own human canines, a challenge in the twist of his mouth that says, *Try me*.

When Hannibal reaches for him again, Will grabs his wrist and flings Hannibal's arm carelessly to the side. The heavy limb hits the mattress and bounces lightly, once, twice, and then stills.

"No," Will says again, the word coming out sharp as a hiss. On the mattress, Hannibal's fingers curl into a fist.

Hannibal's growl gets louder, growing teeth. The red flickers back to his eyes and then stays there, a visible show of aggression. The hairs on the back of Will's neck rise up on gooseflesh, his hindbrain making his body react to the threat, though Will is not afraid - not of Hannibal, never of Hannibal.

Will can see Hannibal's muscles tense in readiness to act, to roll them over, to pin Will beneath his bulk and have him stop denying him. And Will almost lets him go through with it - almost.

He knows how good it would be, the way Hannibal handles him when Will gets like this with him, the way his bones and joints would be left *aching* in the aftermath from being held down, from having his protests and struggles be left ignored, from being made to take and take and *take* till everything of *him* has become *them* with no room left to spare.

He wants the roughness and the bruises, wants the pleasure that would turn into pain that would turn into ecstasy and tears, into vocal cords torn and bruised by screaming. Will wants to feel Hannibal's throat contracting around him as he swallows down Will's release like it was manna sent from the heavens by Will himself to keep Hannibal sustained on this godforsaken Earth.

Greedily, shamelessly, Will ***wants***. But he is selfish, so, so selfish in more ways than one, and what he currently desires more than all of that won't be accomplished by playing along with their usual games.

"Can you get me a knife?" Will asks bluntly.

"What?" Hannibal's brows come down in confusion. He's clearly surprised by the sudden question, but that readiness to *act* and *take* doesn't loosen its hold from his tense muscles.

"A knife. Can you get me one? Now?"

"I can give you everything you want, Will. All you need to do is ask."

"Then that is what I'm asking for."

Hannibal growls again, a softer vibration of sound this time, displeasure making way to curiosity. He lifts his right hand and uncurls his fingers, palm facing up towards the ceiling. There's a faint shimmer in the air just above his open hand, like the heat rising from a hot asphalt on a sweltering summer's day. The distortion only lasts for a moment, just long enough for Will to become aware of its presence and of the absence of it once it's gone.

The air settles. Hannibal's fingers wrap around the carved handle of a dagger. Without a word, he hands it to Will.

Will takes the dagger and turns it in his hands, taking in the detailed work, familiarising himself with its weight. The bronze handle feels comfortable in his hand. It feels ***old***.

Will smiles, a wide and bright thing. "Thank you," he says to Hannibal, and means it with all of his heart.

Something in Hannibal's red eyes flashes, something intrigued and knowing. He brings his hands to Will's thighs and holds on tightly, steadying him.

"You're very much welcome, Will," Hannibal says and nods his head solemnly. His fingers dig into the subtly yielding flesh under his hands hard enough to dent the skin. The red hue in his irises stays, calm gaze watchful and waiting.

Will meets Hannibal's eyes, his smile growing softer around the edges. In his ears, there's the beating of his heart, and it is steady, steady, just like his hands.

Will breathes out, adjusts his grip on the hilt, and plunges the dagger into his chest.

The pain is sharp, and it is intense. It shocks Will into a moment of breathless stillness before his nerve-endings flare up with the white-hot sparks of it, his whole body convulsing uncontrollably with the sensation. Around his thighs, Hannibal's hands hold him, hold him, and Will doesn't fall.

Layers of skin and fat and flesh getting touched by cold steel in a way they were never meant to. The bronze handle quickly grows slick with the gushing blood, becoming warm and wet in Will's hands, hard to hold onto.

Will wraps his fingers tighter around the handle and aims for a steadier grip and then he *pushes* and he screams, the agony of his flesh parting open too much to be held in.

When Will has no more air left to make noise, his jaws snap violently shut, another reaction to the pain beyond his control. The clash of teeth cut through his tongue, bringing with it a new sensation of hurt that almost goes unregistered when there's already so much for Will to ***feel***.

The severed tip falls onto Hannibal's chest, a piece of dead flesh which Hannibal lifts up to his eye-level, holding it almost lovingly between a thumb and a forefinger.

"Heavenly Father, bless us and these, thy gifts which we receive from thy bountiful goodness, through Christ, our Lord…" Hannibal recites in a quiet murmur with an air of feigned solemnity. He lifts the piece of dead flesh higher and lets it go, catching it into his mouth. *"Amen."*

With his eyes twinkling up at Will, Hannibal bites down.

Despite the pain, Will bursts into laughter, blood spraying from his mouth. Hannibal chews at Will's flesh and grins through his mouthful even as Will's blood splatters his face and hair and the sheets around them, a downpour of hot rain painting everything red.

Will's laughter grows more hysterical in note before he starts coughing, choking on the blood rising up to his throat, choking on the blood flowing into it from his mutilated tongue. There's *so much* of it; it fills his mouth, pouring down his chin, dripping onto his chest, onto Hannibal's stomach. *Silly, it's all so, so silly in the end…*

The initial pain doesn't last much longer after that, and once it passes, Will focuses his mind on working properly. He makes the cut in his chest deeper, longer, continuing it to the sides, blood slick skin giving smoothly way under the sharpness of the old blade.

Getting a good grip on the blood slippery ribs on his left side and cracking them open is hard and demands more force than Will necessarily has to spare at the moment, but after some exertion and fumbling, he manages.

The *snap* of the bones cracking one by one resonates loudly in the bedroom. The air around them is cloyingly thick with the smell of iron. Will finds himself surprised that any noise can still carry through it.

His body jerks with every snapping bone, though the feeling itself of them breaking doesn't hurt - it's more of an automatic reaction, to the sickening sound, to the knowledge of what's happening.

Hannibal's hands rub up and down his thighs, the glide of them made smooth by Will's blood. He hasn't spoken since reciting his mockery of graces, seemingly content on silently watching Will as he works, Hannibal tuned in on Will's hands, on his wet, shivery breaths like a congregant in a church listening to a priest's sermon.

Will finally gets to the heart. He measures the size of it with his hand, carefully feeling around its slick shape. Against his palm, it *moves*, like the flutter of an injured bird's wings.

Brows furrowing in concentration, Will places the dagger against his heart and applies pressure, his hand steady as a rock as he slices the beating organ in half.

Smiling in triumph, Will carefully cuts some more from around it, neatly severing the connection of arteries and veins. Once done, he pulls the loose half of his heart out, cradling it in his blood dripping palms. The dagger falls from his slick fingers, forgotten, disappearing somewhere into the folds of blood soaked sheets.

"So you can measure the moments," Will slurs with his severed tongue, with his blood dripping mouth, a gurgle of sound that tries and fails to be speech. Hannibal smiles up at him and Will knows he is understood just as clearly as if everything about him was whole, undamaged. And everything about him was - Will has never felt more whole in his entire life.

Hannibal sits up and takes the offered half of a heart from Will's hands. Sitting close like this, the sharp and uneven edges of Will's broken ribs dig into Hannibal's chest, like they're eager to burrow beneath the illusion of flesh, to greet their namesakes even if they are there only as an intention, not as an actuality.

Hannibal eats Will's heart with his eyes on Will's. It takes some time for him to get it all down; the offered organ is raw and tough, hard to bite into, to chew into a swallowable pulp. Hannibal doesn't look like he minds.

Through it all, neither one of them can stop grinning.

With the last of the meat gone, Hannibal wipes his bloody mouth with the back of his wrist and asks Will: "Yes?"

Will takes Hannibal's wrist, bringing Hannibal's fingers to his own mouth to lick the lingering taste of his own heart blood out of them. He rocks his hips forward, his erect cock rubbing against Hannibal's warm and slick stomach. He nods his head.

"Yes," Will says, slurring out a word that doesn't sound like a word, but it is enough.

Hannibal places his hands on Will's shoulders and he *pushes*.

Will falls backwards, body bouncing on the mattress with the impact. He gasps and then chokes on the blood still flowing from his tongue, and then his thighs are over Hannibal's

shoulders and Hannibal's mouth is around him and Will *moans*, the sound of it wet and horrific and nothing like what it's supposed to be.

Hannibal fits Will's cock easily into his mouth, popping his head around its short but thick length, sloppy and graceless and *devouring* as he's finally allowed to take what had been kept from him.

One of Will's hands flies to Hannibal's head, fingers wrapping around blood matted hair and gripping so tightly that some strands must be pulling loose. His other hand fists the wet sheets near his cheek and Will turns his head and bites at his knuckles and he wants to weep because it's *too much* and it is perfect, perfect, ***perfect***.

There's no pain in this, not really, merely the memory of it, the knowledge that Will should be drowning in agony great enough to pull him into a shock - there's no agony in here other than the agony of pleasure, and maybe it is a little disappointing.

Will's so lost in the sensation of it all that he doesn't notice Hannibal's palm sliding upwards over his trembling, bloodied stomach, isn't aware of Hannibal's intentions until there's a hand making its way inside his chest cavity, beneath his broken ribs.

Hannibal sucks Will's cock and caresses the hidden places inside him with curious fingers and it's so intense that Will finally lets the tears flow, sobbing out loud and trembling as he rocks his cock up into that hot heat, as he arches his back and pushes his chest up and *welcomes* and *demands* like the greedy, selfish thing he is.

Hannibal's measured touches inside him turn more insistent, less careful, his fingers like slippery snakes where they brush and nudge and press down and scrape at Will with blunt nails, and *that*, that Will feels and it feels horrible and wrong and unnatural and Will is so fucking *hard*.

When Hannibal curls his hand over the half of a heart still beating inside Will's chest, Will coughs out a fresh spray of blood and comes with a gurgled scream that gets stuck somewhere between Hannibal's fist and his own vocal cords. The moment of climax is nothing but pure agony and not the least bit disappointing and Will fucking *thrills* in it.

Will comes, and Hannibal greedily swallows down everything he has to give, his red eyes looking up at Will's tortured face through pale lashes speckled with blood. He's not talking out loud but Will still hears him in his head, hears Hannibal's voice as he repeats his prayer in his mind:

Heavenly Father, bless us and these, thy gifts which we receive from thy bountiful goodness…

Will's eyes fly wide open and he gasps and chokes and trashes, but there's nowhere for him to go, not with the way Hannibal's holding onto his bent back thigh, onto his heart.

"Please," Will says as clearly as he can, his mutilated tongue feeling thick and clumsy around the syllables. He's not even sure what he's begging for, whether he means *please, yes* or *please,no*, only that he cannot *not* beg, not with Hannibal's teeth around him, not when Hannibal intends to… Intends to…

Hannibal blinks up at him and rumbles in his chest like a large, satisfied feline. Will meets his eyes, the angle for it awkward, and in his head there's one final word, and the word is an *Amen*.

Will stills, and he breathes, and breathes, and breathes, and thinks that this is what madness feels like.

So be it.

"Amen," Will says out loud for the both of them, and closes his eyes.

Pressure, pressure, flesh giving away, teeth meeting teeth.

Will's body convulses, and then all is dark.

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When consciousness sneaks back to the edges of his mind, the first thing Will becomes aware of is that his lips are moving, forming words without making any actual sound, repeating the one and the same line, again and again:

"*Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom God's love commits me here, ever this day, be at my side, to light and guard, rule and guide… Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom God's love commits me here…*"

Hannibal brushes Will's hair away from his blood wet forehead, his touch gentle. "Such sweet things you call me..." he says, a quiet whisper of words, like he's not expecting Will to be present enough to hear him.

As he becomes more alert of his body, Will realises that his chest has sewn itself shut. Nothing pokes at his insides, which must mean that his broken ribs have also mended themselves. Inside his mouth, his tongue is still missing a part of it, but it feels healed now, more agile, not like the swollen, blood pulsing thing of before. And between his legs…

Will's still too drowsy for movement, but he manages to shift his thighs together, just enough to feel the nothingness between them. *He must have taken the rest while I was unconscious*, Will thinks, a hazy thought without any inflection behind it.

Hannibal nudges Will's thighs gently apart and cups his hand over the Ken-doll smoothness between his legs and applies pressure, minutely rubbing his palm back and forth over the area. The touch feels soothing and arousing in a way that demands no immediate action. It feels nice.

Will sighs softly and finally manages to force his eyes to open. The lighting in the room around them is dim, but it still stings his eyes. He blinks rapidly for a while, waiting for his vision to focus, for the reflexive tears to clear away.

When everything becomes less blurry, what he sees is Hannibal's face. Hannibal is smiling. Will smiles back, the twist of his lips probably drugged and loopy looking, but genuine.
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“I think we should rest now, for a while,” Hannibal says. Will goes easily when Hannibal arranges them, Hannibal seemingly unbothered by the stickiness of the wet sheets beneath them. The blood on them is still warm.

One of Hannibal’s thighs makes its way between Will’s legs, settling against the smoothness there. Will rocks his hips forward, just the once, just to see how it feels. And there is… sensation, just like there was when Hannibal touched him. It’s nothing like what contact against his cock or testicles would feel, but it’s still pleasant in its own way.

Will repeats the motion, intrigued. Hannibal chuckles and places one wide palm against Will’s lower back, stilling him. He nuzzles at Will’s blood-tacky temple and growls softly, breathing him in. “We’ll experiment later. Start measuring those moments,” Hannibal says. He wraps his free arm around Will’s waist, pulling him half on top of him. “Contrary to popular belief, even the wicked need their rest.”

Will huffs out a laugh. He shifts around for a moment, settling more comfortably before letting his heavy eyelids fall closed without a fight. There’s darkness, and in the darkness, Hannibal’s presence, mingled in with words that, this time, are Will’s own.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me.

“Always,” Hannibal says, and kisses the crown of his head. A moment of quiet, and then:

“I’ll take you to meet Samael. I’ve a feeling you two would get along nicely. The sights we could show you…” Hannibal trails off, getting lost in his own thoughts. Will can’t hear him in his head, but there are faint flashes, and the flashes are red and they are made of *sensation* and they make Will *shiver* with yearning.

“My brother’s love isn’t something that can be described in human tongues,” Hannibal continues. “You would like her. Like her love.”

“Yes,” Will breathes against Hannibal’s skin. After a while, the projected visions in his head fade away. Will sighs softly, content in the knowledge that Hannibal will deliver on his promises.

Hannibal always delivers. He always gives Will everything.

Spoiled, spoiled, spoiled ***rotten***, Will thinks, and rests his head over Hannibal’s chest, smiling.

Hannibal holds him close. His fingers move whisper soft along Will’s spine, an absentminded touch for the sake of touching. Under Will’s cheek, the drying blood on Hannibal’s skin feels sticky against Will’s own, but Will doesn’t mind it; he’s too busy concentrating on listening to the sound of their beating heart.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! :) The blatant Hellraiser reference is blatant, but what can I say: It fits 'cause Will's such a whore for pain in here, and I absolutely fckng love Barker's works <3

Kudos? Comments? Tags that I missed 'cause I become blind to my own writing after spending hours on it? Let me know!

twtr -> @Defoni

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